

Safe in the Eternal Rock-Cleft.

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

To a Sister : Your Christ-indited, cross-flavored letter is before me. Sorry you cannot read my scribbling. I am a constant sufferer, writing much and generally at the gallop, so that editors and private readers often groan over my hieroglyphics. I am glad you have a daughter who is able to read it for you. Is she a Christian? I do not ask whether she is simply a member of the church, as many members are foreigners and strangers, not being naturalized in the commonwealth of Israel. Baptism and other ordinances have no regenerating power. Neither has the church nor her officers. Christ says, "All power in Heaven and on earth is given unto Me." The visible institutions of God are symbols and channels, but all power to renew and bless is in Christ the Lord. To be a Christian is to possess and cherish and develop and manifest the very Spirit that made the Man Christ Jesus the Son of the Highest. It is a great and glorious and blessed thing to be an heir of God and joint-heir with Christ. And nothing less is salvation. Hybrids and bastards go to the outer darkness. They walk in darkness here and know not whither they go. The light that is in them is darkness, and how great and dense and damning it is! The children of God are the offspring of light, the generation of the ungenerated, for "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Oh, how the church of to-day belies and scandalizes John 17 : 21! No wonder the world mocks our claims. God Himself laughs at a divided church, and weeps over it too. The mind of Christ is the changeless, infinite mind, and He in us, and we in Him, means peace, forbearance, self-sacrifice, and the very beatitude of Jehovah. God in the flesh was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and yet a perpetual well-spring of "joy unspeakable and full of glory." O, the sweet, divine mystery of Christian pain! If our life is hid with Christ in God, the gates of hell cannot prevail against us, and the agonies of the real cross are sweeter to us than all the most refined and intense pleasures of sense and self. The Holy Ghost has a glorious office to fulfill in our hearts, and if we allow him his own way he will bring us into perfect sympathy with God, and mould us into His likeness of infinite beauty and sweetness and peace. The love that voluntarily and eagerly accepts the death throes of Golgotha is past finding out. Its name, its nature, its effects are "Wonderful." Every Holy Ghost generated soul has it. Those that have it not are "anathema maranatha". It cost Jesus all he had to redeem us, and it costs all we have to make the great redemption ours. There are not many Christians on earth, but still enough to keep it from utter rottenness and destruction. Lo, here! lo, there is Christ! is a widely uttered, and deeply echoed cry, but it is a crossless Christ. Baptized flesh and blood is the salient characteristic of Christendom. Let us not be content with "a name that we live but are dead. "God is not mocked." The fancy, flesh-petting, money-grasping, belly-worshipping, wardrobe religion of the day, looks odd and pitiful besides the man of Nazareth. Lip-worship and knee-worship and empty ceremonial will not admit us into the gold-paved jasper-walled, pearl-gated city of God. The heart, the heart, the whole heart is what God demands, and along with the centre of life goes the body in toto. No exemption for little finger or toe. The physical organ pumps its life-current into the finest fibre and remotest atom of the body. And the spiritual heart created, filled, nourished by the Holy Ghost, sends out the blood of the Godman into every corner of body, soul and spirit. No exemption here in favor of self for hairpin, or garter, or shoe-latchet. Christ or Belial. "Which of the twain will ye have?" Compromise or compounding is out of the question. The children of God are Christed through and through. Tobacco and lust and pride and envy and revenge and self assertion belong to the flesh, and this is doomed. The Holy Ghost is complete master of the elect. These constitute the true body of Christ; all else is chaff and tares.

There can be neither prompting nor expression where there is no life, and there are but two kinds of life in the Universe—God-being and Devil-being. "Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do," is as true of every carnally-minded person, as that the God-born are God-hearted and God-minded. There is but one chasm of being, with many graduations on both sides. God or Lucifer, heaven or hell, saint or sinner, sacred or damned, includes the aggregate of moral being. Where are we? Where am I? Momentous question, but easily settled if we look unto Jesus. What he is we must be, if our eternity is to be the fulfillment of John 17 : 24. The righteous are scarcely saved, and only by grace. Faith and the power of obedience are also gifts of the Cross. "What is not of faith is sin," and what is not of Christ is not faith. Rom. 14 : 23, Gal. 2 : 20. The totality of life in the flesh is a Christ-life and thus a faith-life. He that dies for and with Christ will surely live—with God, as God, co-eval with God. This puts the thrill of Deity into Heb. 12 : 2. "For the joy set before us"—the joy of God, the joy of eternity. Alleluia, Amen. Faint not, my dear sister. The end is a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "Endure the cross, despise the shame."

Missionary Work Among the Indians.

BY J. M. COBER.

There is one excuse, and only one, that a civilized race can present, for grasping possessions from a weaker and less cultured race, and that is that it replaces evil with good.

Do our people give good for evil in wrenching the possessions of the Indians from them? and promising them protection and comfort, promises which they have not redeemed? Broken promises are long remembered by the sufferers, and weigh with a great weight upon the conscience of the guilty party.

It is true the white man can read a long record, of murder, cruelty, crime and outlawism to show the Indian's guilt, but have the Indians no basis on which to plead their innocence? Could they but show the white man his error, reveal to him his guilt of luring the red man into seas of blood, he would sink into despondency and ask forgiveness, and extend to the Indian a hand of friendship.

The Indians were the white man's friends when he most needed them. When our forefathers, in order to escape unbearable persecutions, were compelled to travel the stormy waters of the Atlantic, the Indians met them with outstretched hands. But what has been their reward? The white man has robbed them of their lands and of their lives; he has made promises which he never fulfilled, and is making rapid strides to their extinction.

It would be an irreparable loss to let that grand, though ignorant, race, pass from the stage of existence; and is there not now a grand and glorious opportunity for the white man to extend to the red man his just dues?

Pretended efforts have been made for years to lift up this fallen race, but there are to-day 9,000 Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, living in villages, as they did three hundred years ago, and no more civilized than they were then. This is a specimen example of Indians all over the land. The Government has long been warring with them, thinking to civilize them in this manner, but it has been compelled to acknowledge that this mode of teaching is a failure. This is a task that can only be accomplished by the churches and Christians of the lands. But the churches respond very slowly to this demand, and our Indian missionaries are few and they are insufficiently supplied for carrying on the work of lifting up, educating and Christianizing this downtrodden race. There is perhaps no other word which awakens so many ideas and trains of thought in the minds of the people, as the word, Indian. They think that missionaries can avail nothing among them, and that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. But we should remember that an Indian has a mind as well as a white man, a perfect gem in itself, the products and workings of which might be an ornament and a pride to a nation, and would surely well repay a Christian

people for the effort they would have to put forth to accomplish such an end.

Moreover, they have souls: souls, which in God's sight, stand equal to a white man's soul. Souls that can be saved. A great deal has been accomplished in this direction already. Indians have been educated and sent back to their western homes; but these have been lured back to their old ways, because they lacked missionaries and schools among them to teach them, and to give them an example of a free home and the pleasures of civilized people. If the reports of missionaries who are among them, are true, they are teachable; they have good memories, and when portions of the Scripture are read, they remember them with great accuracy. So they are not dull subjects by any means. In 1820 missionaries began to work among the Cherokee Indians in Indian Territory and numerous churches and schools were established and much good done. Warriors, who once dressed in war paint, and with fierce yell and dauntless courage led their braves in conflict against the whites, were brought to the Cross, and now bow their heads and lead their countrymen, not to deeds of blood, but to the throne of grace. This work continued until 1860, when the war broke out, and the work was almost abandoned. The influence of this work shows itself to day. Of the thirty odd tribes in the Indian territory, the Cherokees, are the most enlightened.

Missionaries are needed to carry on this work. The cry of the Indian is, "Send us missionaries; give us schools," but the cry is feebly answered. The missionaries that are sent, are not sufficiently supplied, and they have to dwell among the savages in huts or wigwams, that during wet weather become damp and unhealthy, and many of them die, as a result.

Such a state of affairs is a disgrace, and should not be allowed; and it behooves us, as a people, and as a nation, not only Christians, but every one interested in the welfare of humanity, to extend a helping hand to the red man of the West; to give them a knowledge of the true God, and thereby give them that hope of a life of peace and happiness, after and beyond this, which shall never cease, and which will enable them to confront obstacles, which they now attack in vain, with more success, and enable them to lift themselves up to a common level with the white man.

The Labor of Love.

A century ago in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches, of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken down with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, yet fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvelous face which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. and when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face, they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this."

In the great cathedral of the ages—the temple being builded for the habitation of God—we shall learn sometime that love's work is the grandest of all.—SEL.

The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.

Superintendent A. N. Towne, of the Central Pacific railroad, has issued an order announcing that hereafter train-men who are in the habit of visiting places where intoxicating liquors are sold will not be retained in the service of the company.